

RICHMOND PALADIUM.

DAVID P. HOLLOWAY.

Be just and fear not: Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.—Henry VIII.

[Terms, Two Dollars, and—Three Dollars.]

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THE PALADIUM,

IN PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

D. P. HOLLOWAY,

At the South-east corner of Main and Front streets,
Richmond, Wayne County, Indiana.

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Dollars at the expiration of the year.

REMITTANCE BY MAIL.

FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.

"A Postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the
Publisher of a Newspaper, to pay the subscription of a
third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself."

NOTE.—Some subscribers may not be aware of the a-
bove regulation. It will be seen, that by requesting the
Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters contain-
ing subscription money, he will do so upon being satisfied
that the letter contains nothing but what refers to the sub-
scription.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT,

From a copy of the Funeral Address delivered
before the citizens of Burlington, (N. J.) at the
request of the Common Council, on the 13th ul-
timo, by the Right Rev. George W. Doane, on
occasion of the death of the late President of the
United States, we make the following extract,
constituting the opening of the Address, for which
we feel sure that our readers will thank us:

"It is a dark December day. A deep snow
clothes the ground. A sharp and cutting sleet
drives with the wind. Against the blinding storm
and through the deepening drifts a youthful sol-
dier, with his knapsack on his back, pursues his
steadfast way. A stripling of nineteen of slender
frame and feeble health, he is an ensign in the
army of America, with Washington's commission
and he marches, with his small detachment, on
his first service. It was a patriot and a Christian
duty. There are those before me who remember
well what, in my young days, was yet a nursery-
word, at which the mother pressed her infant to
her bosom, and children gathered closer to the
fire—St. Clair's Defeat. It was to that battle-
field, to enter the bones of its six hundred slain,
that our young ensign hastened with his troop.
And though it was a patriot and a Christian duty,
how much more sternly than the fiercest onset of
the heavy fight must that still forest field, the
lowering sky, the howling wind, those gallant men
butchered by savage hands; and all the recollec-
tions and forebodings of that most disastrous day
have tried the spirit of a youthful soldier on his
first campaign!

"It was a chill November night, when a small
army of Americans encamped themselves upon a
point of land between the Wabash and a tribu-
tary stream. They were the gentlemen and yoc-
men of the country, who had enrolled themselves
under the territorial Governor to defend their
homes against the incursions of the hostile Indian
tribes, and to chastise their insolence. A long
and tedious march, through a most dreary wilder-
ness, brings them at last to where their wary foes
await them; and on their proposition for a confer-
ence and treaty, hostilities are intermitted for a
day. Slowly and cheerlessly the night wears off,
within that guarded camp, with clouds and rain.
But weary men will sleep, whatever may betide
them; and now, for hours, no sound has stirred the
stillness of the scene, save the lone sentry's guard-
ed step. But what is that which through the
misty moonbeams, struggling light, is seen, not
heard, as it glides through the prairie grass? Is
it a snake that winds his stealthy way? No; but
a subtle Indian; and in one instant he is dead!
Another, and the savage yell starts every sleep-
er from his cold, damp couch, and death begins
his work. And was this sleeping camp deceived
surprised, betrayed? Was their Commander
faithless to his trust? No; every man had slept
where he must fight, his clothes on, and his gun
loaded. And he, while yet the night was young,
sat by his tent-fire, till the hour should come
to rouse his weary comrades. In a moment he was
mounted. Where the fight was hottest there was
he. A ball, with no commission for his life, flies
through his hair. In vain his officers remonstrated
with him for his fearless hazard of himself. He
thinks of brave St. Clair and of the gallant
victims of that fatal field. He thinks of wasted
towns and blazing homes, and mothers slaughter-
ed with their infants. And the morning dawns
not till the victory is won!

"Along the banks of the Ohio spreads a smiling
farm. A plain and modest mansion rises from a
sloping lawn. Its owner, having filled with cred-
it to himself, and honor to his country, almost ev-
ery station to the first—fought its battles, govern-
ed its Territories, served it in both Houses of
Congress, and represented it abroad—wears out
in frugal industry his green old age, a plain Ohio
farmer: his house the very home of hospitality;
his name the refuge and solace of the poor, the
stranger, and the orphan; his style the noblest
that is known to nature's heraldry, a patriot, and
patriarch!

"It is a gusty day in March. Before the morn-
ing dawns, the Federal city is alive with men.
It seems now full to overflowing; and yet every
hour brings hundreds, thousands more. A caval-
cade is formed. Bells ring and cannons roar.—
Fair women and brave men throng every win-
dow of that noble Avenue. Not a State of the
whole twenty-six that is not represented in that
long drawn line. It is the nation's jubilee. All
classes, all conditions, both sexes, every age, par-
take the general joy. A grave, plain man, ar-
rayed in modest black, that rides uncovered, on
the steed more conscious than himself of the oc-
casion, is the magnet that attracts all eyes, and
touches every heart. He reaches the Capitol.—
He ascends the steps. He stands, majestic in his
meekness and simplicity, before the immeasur-
able multitude who have brought up with them the
honors of the nation. The highest officer of
Justice administers to him the most magnificent
oath that ever rises up to Heaven. And the
youthful ensign, the gallant general, the labor-
ious farmer is PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"One little month" has passed. It is a fitful
April day. Again the Federal city is astir.—
The bells peal out—but 'tis the funeral knell.—
The streets are thronged—but every face is sad
and every voice is still. Once more a long pro-
cession passes down that noble Avenue—but yew
and cypress take the place of nodding plumes,
and muffled drums beat time to aching hearts.—
Again that grave, plain man is there, no more
erect and tall, the pillar of the State, but in his
grave clothes, stretched upon the funeral car.—
He enters not the gate, as when we last beheld
him, to that glorious Capitol, but turns aside to
the still spot where sleep the honored dead, and
'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust' con-
cludes the whole scene. Never had a man a fun-
eral so sublime. Never for chieftain fallen did
a whole nation so pour out its heart. Was it not
beautiful—and just as it was beautiful—that he
who on that sleety day began his public life with
pious rites for St. Clair's butchered host should
find himself such sepulchre?"

The following brief sketch of the life of
President HARRISON, is worthy of preservation for
future reference.—Fitchburgh Sentinel.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

Ninth President of the United States, born in
Virginia, Feb. 9th, 1773.

In 1791, he was appointed ensign in the army,
by Gen. Washington.

In 1794, Aug. 10, he was aid to Gen. Wayne,
in the battle of Miami.

In 1797, appointed Lt. Governor and Secretary
of the North-Western Territory by President
Adams.

In 1798, chosen delegate to Congress.

In 1801, appointed Governor of Indiana Terri-
tory.

In 1800, re-appointed, by President Madison.

In 1811, Nov. 7, gained a victory over 600 In-
dian warriors, at the mouth of Tippecanoe river.

In 1812, Sept. 11, President Madison appoint-
ed him Commander-in-Chief of the North-West-
ern army.

In 1813, May 1, the American garrison at Ft.
Meigs besieged, siege lasted five days, success-
fully defended by Gen. Harrison. In Sept., same
year, he regained Michigan from the British. In
Oct., defeated Gen. Proctor near the Thames
river, U. C.

In 1814—15, appointed Commissioner, by Pre-
sident Madison, to treat with the Indians.

In 1816, elected Representative to Congress
from Ohio.

In 1819, elected a member of Ohio State Sen-
ate.

In 1821, elected Senator in Congress from O.

In 1827, he was appointed Minister to Colum-
bia.

In 1827, President Jackson, by U. S. Sen-
ate, recalled him from Columbia.

In 1810, chosen President of the United States,
receiving 234 electoral votes to Martin Van Bur-
ren's 60.

In 1841, March 4, took the Presidential Chair—
March 17th, issued his proclamation for an ex-
tra session of Congress, to convene May 31—
Sunday, April 4th, at 12 o'clock in the morning,
he expired without a groan, aged 68 years, leav-
ing a nation to mourn his sudden death and
brief service in the high station to which he has
been chosen. His last words were,

"SIR: I wish you to understand the true
principles of the government. I wish them
carried out. I ask nothing more."

ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN GENIUS.—It
appears that an American in London is teaching
the lightning to work in harness as kindly as a
dray horse. The following is an extract of a
letter to the New York Journal of Commerce:

LONDON, April 4, 1841.

Captain Taylor, of N. Y., has just had awarded
to him the sum of £5,000 sterling, by the Ger-
man Diet for his discoveries in electro-magnet-
ism whereby he proposes to supersede steam on
railroads, and for propelling machinery. This
gentleman, some months back, exhibited a very
beautiful model of this electro-magnetic engine
at the Colosseum here, which drew forth the ap-
probation and astonishment of men of the high-
est practical knowledge and scientific attainments.
On that occasion, the engine was devoted to the
turning of a lathe, and most admirably did it per-
form its functions.—The inventor is now con-
structing a machine of considerable power, which
he expects to be enabled to get ready for service
within the present year. So sanguine is the
Captain, that he emphatically declares he does
not intend to return to America until he can go
back by lightning! But this is not the only won-
der which Capt. Taylor has been exhibiting to
the astounded gaze of the natives of Cockney-
shire, for he has a patent for steaming wood, and
then, when in a soft state, slicing it like soap,
and forming the same forthwith into shingles,
staves, garden-pailings, &c. He has fitted up
some extensive premises for this purpose, and al-
so for making casks by machinery; and to such
perfection has he brought the latter, that his la-
dy visitors can manufacture a cask in less than
five minutes, without soiling their gloves. At
the present moment, the Captain is all the rage
in town, and he is also, as might be imagined,
playing the very deuce among the coopers in
England.

The following is a Phrenological sketch copied
from Fowler & Kirkham's work on Phrenology.

"Governor Tyler of Virginia, furnishes another
striking proof of the truth of Phrenology. His
head is large; his temperament extremely active;
his intellectual organs throughout are developed
in an unusual degree; while his benevolence is a
predominant trait of character. Mirthfulness is,
also, very large. His friends consider this de-
scription of his character as very just."

The advantage of living does not consist in length
of days but in the right improvement of them.

The Florida Indians—Wild Cat.

From the Albany Argus.

Extract of a letter from an officer of the 8th Regiment to a
friend in this city:

NEW ORLEANS, April 24.

"I am here on my way to Arkansas, with 200
wretched Seminole Indians. They are the rem-
nants of a Spartan race. The men are noble,
hardy-looking fellows, whom you cannot but re-
spect, though they have murdered the innocent
and unoffending. But the women and children
excite your pity and commiseration. On our ter-
rible voyage hither they laid about the deck, per-
fectly resigned, and apparently indifferent to their
fate, careless of life and fearless of death.

"I was at Fort Cummings when the noted chief
Concochee, or Wild Cat, came in for a 'talk.'—
This man is remarkable for the many incidents
in his life, and for his bold and daring spirit. He
was once a prisoner, but made his escape through
a hole in the walls of a prison, so surprisingly
small, that an ordinary man's head would not en-
ter it, and after he was through jumped 25 feet
to the ground. This fellow has committed more
murders, and scalped more women and children,
than any other Indian in Florida—and this man
we were to take, and did take by the hand in
friendship. He came into our camp, bringing
with him seven 'trusty' squires,' who, in looks,
dress and manners, might well be painted to il-
lustrate and personate the old one himself; a little
effusion of brimstone, a blue flame, and a few
tails, would have made the picture complete.—
Wild Cat's manners, upon coming in the presence
of so many officers, and surrounded as he was by
so large a body of soldiers, was somewhat con-
fused, but soon recovered himself, and spoke with
ease, and not ungracefully. He is about thirty
years of age, five feet eight inches high, well
proportioned, with a calm, settled, manly face, and
a dark, fierce eye, beaming with intelligence.—
The colonel talked to him openly and frankly;
he returned it, and promised to cease fighting
and emigrate. His little daughter, a child of five
years old, who had been taken prisoner, and sepa-
rated from her parents some five or six months,
was then given up to him, and for the first time
in an Indian, I saw the evidence of feeling and
affection."

THE SON OF ROBERT BURNS.—Major Burns,
the son of the justly celebrated Scottish poet, who
has recently completed twenty-six years' service
in India, and who now holds an appointment
under the factory commission, has been officially
engaged during the last ten days, in ascertaining
the condition of the persons employed in the pa-
per and other factories of the locality of Mid-
stone, perhaps the most favorable district for the
health of those employed of any in the kingdom.
It would be a liberal upon Midstone to suppose
that Major Burns has not been welcomed by the
lovers of belles lettres amongst her population.
Major Burns is rather of shorter stature than his
highly-gifted father, but possesses a considerable
resemblance to the poet in the upper part of his
face, and much of conversational facility in which
poor Burns is said so singularly to have excelled,
refined and polished by intercourse with the tal-
ented and the great. A complimentary dinner
was given to Major Burns at the Haunch and
Venison Inn on Monday, by several ardent admir-
ers of his father's extraordinary genius.

[Dover Chronicle.]

THE ORIGIN OF THE ORDER OF OLD FELLOWS
is of great antiquity. It was first established by
the Roman soldiers in the camp, during the reign
of Nero in the year 55. At that time they were
called Fellow Citizens. The name was given
by Titus Caesar in the year 79, from the singu-
larity of their notions, and from their knowing each
other by night or by day; and for their fidelity to
him and their country, he not only gave them
the name of Old Fellows, but at the same time,
as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a
dispensation, engraved on a plate of gold, bear-
ing different emblems, such as the sun, moon,
stars, the lamb, the lion, the dove, and the
emblems of mortality. The first account of the
Order being spread in other countries is in the fifth
century, when it was established in the Spanish
dominions, and in the sixth century by King Henry
in Portugal, and in the twelfth century it was
established in France, and afterwards by De Ne-
ville in England, attended by five knights from
France, who formed a Loyal Grand Lodge of
Honor in London, which Order remained until
the eighteenth century (in the reign of George
the Third), when a part of them began to form
themselves into a union, and a portion of them re-
mains up to this day. The Lodges which now
remain are very numerous throughout the world,
and call themselves the Loyal Ancient Old Fel-
lows, being portion of the original body.

[English paper.]

Letter from New York, May 18.

The city has in it just now more than its usual
amount of combustible material to excite and at-
tract the populace. To the general stock was ad-
ded, yesterday evening, the forger, Charles F.
Mitchell, who left Montreal on Sunday morning
and arrived at New York on Monday evening.—
He went away a free man, and returned in irons.
His habitation last night was in "the toms," as
they are known here, or in one of the cells of the
halls of justice. The culprit was delivered up
agreeably to the requisition of Governor SEWARD,
and is now in a fair way to pay the penalty of his
crimes. The "mental hell," does not yet seem to
have reached the forger. He is represented as
hardened, bold, and indifferent to his fate. He
will soon be tried and sentenced.

THE McLEOD CASE.—The Supreme Court
room was more crowded to-day than yesterday,
to see the prisoner McLeod, and to hear his trial.
The evidence elicited is conflicting, and not at all
to be depended upon. Some unimportant prelimi-
nary business having been disposed of this morn-
ing, the depositions of several witnesses were
read, and after that some official papers, familiar
to your readers, in regard to the expedition against
the Caroline, and the order under which it was
committed. One man swears by deposition that

he saw McLeod at Chippewa the day previous to
and on the morning of the day the Caroline was
destroyed. He saw him also on the succeeding day,
and heard him say that he had killed a Yan-
kee, and saw him produce a pistol covered with
blood. The depositions and official papers having
been read, one of the counsel for the prisoner
commenced his reply, and was speaking earnestly
and ably when last I heard from the Court-room.

HALF PAST THREE.—The Supreme Court have
adjourned until half past five. The Attorney
General is in the midst of his speech. The case
will hardly be concluded to-night, as the Attorney
General is to be followed by the leading counsel
for the prisoner, Mr. Spencer.—Nat. Int.

Washington City Forty Years Ago.

The following letter, written by Mrs. Adams
wife of the elder President Adams, is taken from
the collection of her letters recently published in
Boston. It describes with a graphic pen, the dis-
comforts and privations of the first settlers of the
Federal Metropolis:

To Mrs. Smith.—My Dear Child: I arrived
here on Sunday last, and without meeting any
accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves
when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine
miles on the Frederick road by which means we
were obliged to go the other eight through the
woods, where we wandered two hours without
finding a guide, or the path. Fortunately a strag-
gling black came up with us, and we engaged him,
as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty; but
woods are all you see from Baltimore until you
reach the city, which is only so in name. Here
and there is a small cot, without a glass window,
interspersed amongst the forests, through which
you travel miles without seeing any human being.
In the city there are buildings enough, if they
were compact and finished, to accommodate Con-
gress and those attached to it; but as they are,
and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort
for them. The river which runs up to Alexandria,
is in full view of my window, and I see the ves-
sels as they pass and repass.

The house is upon a grand and superb scale,
requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep
the apartments in proper order, and perform the
ordinary business of the house and stables; an es-
tablishment very well proportioned to the Presi-
dent's salary. The lighting of the apartments,
from kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax
indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to
secure us from daily agues, is another very cheer-
ing comfort. To assist us in this great castle,
and render less assistance necessary, bells are
wholly wanting, not one being hung through the
whole house, and promises are all you can obtain.
This is so great an inconvenience, that I know
not what to do or how to do.

The ladies from Georgetown and in the city
have many of them visited me. Yesterday I re-
turned fifteen visits—but such a place as Geor-
getown appears! Why our Milton is beautiful.
But no comparison—if they will put up some
bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires,
I design to be pleased. I could content myself
almost any where three months; but, surrounded
with forests, can you believe that wood is not to
be had, because people cannot be found to cut and
cart it! Briesler entered into a contract with
a man to supply him with wood. A small part,
three cords only, has been able to get. Most
of that was expended to dry the walls of the house
before we came in, and yesterday the man told
him it was impossible for him to procure it to be
cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals;
but we can not get grates made and set. We
have indeed come into a new country.

You must keep all this to yourself, and when
asked how I like it, say that I write you the situa-
tion is beautiful, which is true. The house is
made habitable, but there is not a single apart-
ment finished, and all within-side, except the phre-
nology, has been done since Briesler came. We
have not the least fence, yard or other conveni-
ence without, and the great unfinished audience
room, I make a drying room of, to hang up the
clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and
will not be this winter. Six chambers are made
comfortably; two are occupied by the President
and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a com-
mon parlor and one a levee-room. Up stairs
there is the oval room, which is designed for the
drawing room, and has the crimson furniture in it.
It is a handsome room now, but when completed
will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which
this place has been considered as the future seat
of government, had been improved, as they would
have been in New England, very many of the
present inconveniences would have been remov-
ed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every im-
provement, and the more I view it, the more I
am delighted with it.

Since I sat down to write I have been called
down to a servant from Mount Vernon, with a
billet from Major Custis, and a haunch of venison,
and a kind congratulatory letter from Mrs. Lew-
is upon my arrival in the city with Mrs. Wash-
ington's love, inviting me to Mount Vernon,
where, health permitting, I will go before I leave
this place. A. ADAMS.

Major A. J. Donaldson has written a letter to the
editor of the Nashville Union, stating that Gen.
Jackson's estate is "worth at least \$100,000"
above all his liabilities. This, of course, corrects
the inference drawn from a current paragraph
that the General found it inconvenient to pay a
draft of \$100.—Madisonian.

NEW DISCOVERIES BY OUR EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—The New York Herald says:—Capt. Law-
rence, of the whale ship Champion, at Edgar-
town, on the 12th inst., reports the United States
brig Porpoise, Captain Ringgold, at Taptia, on
28th of January, to leave same day, on a short
cruise, and thence to Society Island—all well.
Capt. Ringgold reported having discovered several
new islands.

The manufacture of Sewing Silk has been com-
menced in the New York Auburn State Prison
with a fair prospect of success.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—A correspondent of the
New York Express, writing from Havana, May 1,
gives the following account of another outrage
on American property by British cruisers on the
coast of Africa:

"The brig A. E. of Baltimore, Captain C. F.
Driscoll, sailed from this place in the month of
September, for Canada, with a cargo of dry goods,
tobacco, and powder. Having met with bad wen-
ther at sea he was obliged to put into Charleston
to repair, whence he sailed on his voyage. No-
thing material occurred until he arrived off Cabinda,
when he was boarded by two boats crew (15
in number) commanded by an English officer, but
without a flag flying nor any visible sign of na-
tionality, armed to the teeth with cutlasses, pis-
tols, carbines, and daggers, or long knives, who
insolently demanded his papers, declaring at the
same time that he would take command of the
vessel. Captain D. pointed to the American flag,
which he had flying, and avowed that his was an
American vessel engaged in a legal trade, and in
proof thereof produced his papers, which the
English officer tried to obtain possession of, but
not being permitted by Captain D. he said—"never
mind, I will take you for a scoundrelly Yan-
kee negro stealer, and have you all strung up to
the main yard if you offer the least resistance." They
then shaped the course of the vessel for
River Congo, and commenced breaking out the
cargo to get at the rum, and carried on so outrag-
eously that Captain D.'s lady, who was on board,
together with her daughter, was taken violently
ill, and for some time her life was despaired of.—
The English crew never for a moment ceasing
their outrageous conduct. They continued at
River Congo twelve days, pillaging the negro,
canoes that passed, taking from them their beds,
looking glasses, paddles, and every little thing
leaving the poor negroes no alternative but to
swim on shore and abandon their canoes to the
tide.

This conduct they continued for some time, of-
ten taking in their boats some of the American
crew, until at last the negroes becoming ex-
asperated assembled in force, and attacking the
boats, killed an American seaman be-
longing to the A. E. and wounded several En-
glish. They then returned precipitately on board
and getting the brig under way set sail for Cabinda.
They there found H. B. M. brig of war
Persian, Lieut. commanding Symmes, with the
American flag flying. Lieut. Symmes then came
on board with an additional boat's crew, and com-
menced breaking out the cargo, without asking to
look at the brig's papers or paying any attention
to Captain D.'s protestations. After ransacking
the cargo four days, bursting open bales, and boxes,
and knocking open the kegs of powder, find-
ing nothing, they took what they pleased each
man selecting what he most fancied, and then
turning the cargo into the hold took to their
boats, leaving the brig at liberty.

"For fifteen days," says Capt. D. "I had 17
men on board eating and drinking the best they
could find, for four days more the commander and
nearly all of his men pillaging my stores and
drinking my liquors, they being on very short al-
lowance on board their own vessel." The English
brig kept the American flag flying all the time,
and went off with it flying at her peak. The En-
glish officers declared they would seize every
American vessel they came across and break up
their trade entirely,—and from our late accounts
put their threat into execution."

ST. DOMINGO.—The following deplorable pic-
ture of the condition of the once beautiful, flour-
ishing and rich island of Hayti, is furnished in a
letter from a French naval officer. We fear that
the picture is a faithful one.—But. Pat.

"We embarked on board the frigate Novede,
on the 21st December. On the 28th we were at
Fort Royal, to receive orders from the Admiral who
despatched us on the 29th to St. Domingo, where
we were to take on board the five millions of francs
which the Consul General had informed us were
ready. We have been three days at anchor in
this famous republic, and all that I can say to you
of the misery of the people, will scarce suffice to
give you any idea of it.

I have been every where, and every where
have seen nothing but degradation and corruption.
Men in rags compose the army, and exhibit a
most ludicrous military masquerade. Cavalry on
foot, manœuvre like horses, at the word of command,
trot, gallop, &c. Both officers and soldiers are
without shoes: one has spurs tied by a cord to his
naked feet, another has made himself spurs with
a piece of iron drove into a wooden sole tied to his
foot, and c. c. whole company which I inspected
minutely, had not a single musket which would
go off. The officers, in rags, ask charity.

Slothfulness, poverty in its most hideous form
—and in the negro it is most hideous, alone meet
your eye at the town of Port au Prince. The
fields are overrun by brambles, logwood trees, and
the rapacious liches, which obstruct the roads
and destroy the old plantations. With the excep-
tions of a few gardens which are here and there
cultivated by the negroes,—gardens far inferior
to those of our worst slaves—there is no cultivation
whatever.

The only product of the Island is coffee, and
that every year diminishes so materially, that the
time is not far distant when it will produce none
at all. No more is planted, and the old coffee
plantations are not even taken care of. The
owners gather the crops from their own fields, in
the midst of briars and weeds—no laborers being
to be had, the one not being willing to work for
the other."

The ran from New Orleans to Louisville was
recently made by the steamboat Missouri, in the
unprecedented short time of four days and twen-
ty-three hours, from wharf to wharf, including
nineteen stoppages on the voyage to discharge
freight, and to receive and land passengers, be-
sides taking in wood.—Balt. Pat.

A lady in New York will not allow her children
to eat Indian meal, fearing it will make them sa-
vage—so says the Triumph.